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BECAUSE A BIRD SANG. Because a bird sang ere the raindrops were

or sunbeams had driven the clouds from A dark life was brightened, a faint heart

made strong; For trustful and glad were the tones of that song. He sang till he quickened a hope that was

By singing that song on the roof of the The hope had been buried so long that I

Twas only some beautiful thing I had It ckened, and started, and wakened

And filled with the visions that charmed me Be gladsome the tune and the words that he (That bird in his song on the roof of the

He sang and he warbled: "Oh, longing Though dim is the future, yet kindly is fate. Relieve it and trust it, O mortal, to be Replete with the dearest of treasures for

So hope has arisen and doubting is fled. Because of that song from the roof of the -Hilds Mutchesd to Ladies' Home Journal



D'Auriae, commanding outpost where seene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeror against d'Auriac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's comp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and d'Auriac is told he will hang if found alive at close of mercow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Auriac is a language. of morrow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of de Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Bahette stabs Mauginot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with themselves, or else sitting in a sullen partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from de Gomeron and d'Ayer, ber suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visitend daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough the heiress of Bidache. he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they

go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas; d'Auriac escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevaller lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordnance. Calling on de Belin, a friend, d'Auriac se-Calling on de Belin, a friend, d'Auriac ac-cures from him a servant, Ravaillac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache to to occur within fornight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Palin and madame arrive in Paris. D'Auriac has suspicious around concerning Ravaillac; later witnesses meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chewaller is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biron with being trailor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 26 hours to quit Prance. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making imperative that flight occur that night, if madame be saved. D'Auriac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men ewoop down on pair and carry them off, hound and gagged. De Gomeron places him what Babette, who is here, assures him a the safest room in the Totson d'Or. ron and Babette offer d'Aurine ble freedom on condition that he will sign ; holding de Gomeron guiltless of an sign against either himself or the mod D'Auriae asks to be unbound and 24 hours

inswer. By artifice he compels her to oper CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED.

which to decide. Babette comes for his

The door swung outward, so that all I had to do was to fold my prisoner's arm from the eibow along its face as I pushed it open. It kept her perfectly secure and enabled me to take a precaution that, it turned out, was needed for, as I pushed the door, I drove the death bunter back with it, and the moment it was sufficiently open to let me pass I sprang out and seized her left arm. Quick as I was, however, I was not quite quick enough to avoid the blow of her dagger, and received a flesh wound, which, however, was, after all. but slight. Then there was another struggle, and affairs were adjusted be tween Rabette and myself without any special harm being done to her.

'Now listen to me," I said. "What ever happens, I will kill you first if any treachery. Take me straight to madame." "She is not here," was the sullen re-

"Then I take you with me to the Botel de Ville. Come to your senses." She broke into the most terrible im ecations; but time was precious, and quenched this readily enough, and at last it was clear she was utterly cowed. Again I repeat that no harm was done. and it was only dire necessity that compelled me to use the violence I did.

is madame? She looked from right to left with a quick, uneasy motion of her eyes. "I so not know—she is not here."

"Look here!" and I gave my prisoner shake. "I fully believe that madame is here, and if you wish to save yourself from the rack-it hurts more than what I have done to you—you will see that no harm comes to her. You follow." She was speechless; but her eyes wer

plazing with wrath as she made a sul-"You had better tell M. de Gomero

your master, that I refuse his terms. It will save him the trouble of knowing I have emcaped - you under-

This time she nodded eagerly "Now," I went on, "we will open the

I took the bunch of keys, and after try or two succeeded in hitting on the

right one. After this I pushed Babette ore me into the small flagged yard. and saw to my surprise that it was night, and that the moon was out. Then I gave the fact no further thought the uncertain moonlight that would cover my escape. As I pushed my cap-tive along the shadow of the wall until we came to the entrance gate, I looked sround and above me carefully, but people. This time, however, I heard a there was nothing to indicate where noise within, and presently Pantin's madame was. A hundred times was 1 voice inquiring in angry accents who it tempted to turn back and risk all in searching the house for her, and it was people at so late an hour.
only because I was convinced that the "Open, Pantini" I shouted. "It is I

so'e chance of saving her was to be free -do you not know me?"

first myself that I did not give in to my desire. On reaching the gate I discovered that there was a wicket in it that of my trusty Jacques. large enough to squeeze a man's body through, and that this was closed but by a heavy pair of iron cross-bars, a me, I put down the bar and opened the her, I freed her hands, and, bending dightly forwards and looking her

traight in the face, said: "Remember! And adien, Mmc. de-Manginot." At these words, which brought back to her memory her crime on the battle field of La Fere, she shrank back, her eyes seemed to sink into their sockets and as I loosed my hold of her shoulder she fell in a huddled heap on the flags of the yard.

> CHAPTER XVI. A COUNCIL OF WAR

As I slipped through the wicket east a hurried glance around me, and then, acting on the impulse of the moment, ran forwards along the road for about 50 paces with Babette's dagger clenched in my hand. There I was brought to a stand by a dead wall, studded with iron spikes at the top, which rose sheer above me for fully 20 feet and barred all further progress. was evident that the Toison d'Or tood in a blind alley, and that I had taken the wrong turning. Not even an ape could have scaled the moss-grow and slippery surface of those stones, and, leaning against a buttress in the darkest corner of the wall, I stood for moment or so and waited, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible should I be pursued. There was no grave So I stole forth from the shadow of the buttress, and, keeping the dagger ready to strike, retraced my steps past pened, and gave you up for lost." the Toison d'Or and along the winding away from the walls as possible to avoid any sudden attack, until at last I found myself in a cross street, down which I return with vengeance in my right winding and twisting lanes, whose squalid inhabitants were either flitting

How long I wandered in that maze of streets I cannot say, but at last I came | for he sprang forward to meet me, it upon an open space, and finding it more | his impulsive way, calling out: or less empty stopped to take my bear ings. My only chance to get back to my lodging that night and it was all im portant to do so was to strike the Seine at some point or other; but in what direction the river lay I could not, for the life of me, tell. At last I determined to steer by the moon, and holding her track to the southwest of me went on. keeping as a landmark on my left the tall spire of a church, whose name I then did not know. So I must have plodded on for about an hour, until at last I was sensible that the street which I was in was wider than the others I had passed through, and, finally, I saw before me a couple of lanterns, evi-



I WAS NOT CUICK ENOUGH

dently slung on a rope that stretched across a street much broader still than the one I was in. That, and the sight of the lanterns, convinced me that I had gained one of the main arteries of the city, and it was with an inward "Thank God" that I stepped under the light and what an old arm can do." looked about me, uncertain which direc tion I should take; for if I kept the noon behind me, as I had done hitherto should have to cross over and leave the street, and I felt sure that this would be a serious error, and that would only lead me into further difficulties. It was as yet no more than a half hour or tion of the watch, which had a habit of confining its beat to places where it was least required. I began to stroll slowly the first passer-by who looked in a mood miable enough to exchange a word with so bedraggled a wretch as I was

I had not long to wait, for in a short ime I noticed one who was evidently weil-to-do citizen hurrying along with persuading staff in his right hand, and the muffled figure of a lady clinging on to his left arm. I could make out nothing of her; but the man himself was short and stout of figure, and I ran to the conclusion that he must be a cheery out, for, as far as I could see by the light of the street lamps, he looked like me who enjoyed a good meal and a can

o follow, and, approaching, I addressed "Pardon, monsieur, but I have lo

I had hardly spoken so much, when loosening his arm from the lady, the little man jumped back a yard and began flourishing his stick. "Stand back!" called out the littl

man, dabbing his stick at me. "Be still, Mangel. So you wish ind the rue de Bourdonnais, sir?" "He had better find the watch," in terrupted Maitre Mangel, "they have one that way towards the Porte St.

Martin." "Then this is the-"

"Rue St. Martin." "A hundred thanks. I now know where I am, and have only to follow my ose to get where I want. I thank you once more, and good-night."

At last I was once again in the rue des Deux Mondes, very footsore and weary; but kept up by the thought of what I had before me, and ready to drop dead sefore I should yield to fatigue. There was no one in the street, and, seizing the huge knocker, I hammered at the door in a manner loud enough to waken the dead. It had the effect of arousing one or two of the inhabitants of the adolning houses, who opened their windows and peered out into the night, and then shut them again bastily, for the wind blew chill across the Passeur aux Vaches. There was no answer to my knock, and then I again beat furiously at the door, with a little sinking of my heart as it came to me that perhap some harm had befallen these good

voice inquiring in angry accents who it was that disturbed the rest of honest

Then I heard another voice, and a A VOW OF JEPHTHAH is a system of sacrifice. When children history of every chim as a sur when it udden joy went through me, for it was

"Grand Dieu! It is the chevalier Open the door, quick, man!" It was done in a trice, and as I stepped secure enough defense from the outside. In Pantin closed it again rapidly, whilst Holding Babette at arms' length from Jacques seized my hand in his, and then, letting it go, gambolled about like wicket. Then, still keeping my hold on a great dog that has just found its mas

> I noticed, however, at the first glanes I took around, that both Pautin and Jacques were fully dressed, late as it was, and that the notary was very pale, and the hand in which he held a lantern was visibly trembling.

"Monsicur," he began, and then dopped, but I understood the question in his voice and answered at once; "Pantin, I have come back to free he:

come back almost from the dead." "Then, mousicur, there are those here who can help you still-1 had thought you brought the worst news," and he ooked at me where I stood, soiled and wet. "This way, M. le Chevalier," he continued.

"In a moment, Pantin," est in Dame Annette's voice, and the good woman came up to me with a flagon of warmed

"Take this first, chevalier, 'tis Maitre Pantin's nightcap; but I do not think he will need it this night. God be thanked you have come back safe," I wrung her hand and drained the vine at a draught, and then, with Pan tin ahead, holding his lantern aloft, we

ascended the stairs that led to my apart

ments. As we went up I asked Jacques: "Did you manage the business?" "Yes, monsieur; and Marie and her father are both safe at Auriac. I rode ound, however; all was still as the back almost without drawing rein, and reached here but this afternoon; and then, monsieur, I heard what had hap

At this juncture we reached the small and crooked passage, keeping as far landing near the sitting-room I had occupied, and Pantin, without furthe ceremony, flung open the door, and an nounced me by name. I stepped in, with went, taking note of such landmarks as some surprise, the others crowding I could to guide me back, when I should after me, and at the first glance recognized to my astonishment de Belin, who hand. The cross street led into other | had half risen from his seat, his hand on his sword hilt, as the door was flung open, and in the other figure, seated in up and down or quarreling amongst armchair, and staring moodily into the fire, saw Palin, who, however, made no movement toward turning his head and looking coldly at me. Not so Belin

> "Arnidieu! You are back! Palin take heart, man! He would never have ome back alone."

The last words struck me like a blow and my confusion was increased by the demeanor of Palin, who gave no sign of recognition, and there I stood in the midst of them fumbling with the bilt of my sword, and facing the still mottenless figure before me, the light of the candles falling on the stern, drawn fea tures of the Huguenot.

My forehead grew hot with shamand anger, as I looked from one to another, and then, like a criminal before a judge, I faced the old man and told him exactly what had happened-all except one thing which I kept back. At the mention of Ravailtae's name, and of his identity with the capuchin, the vis compte de Belin swore bitterly under his mustache; and but for that exclamation my story was heard in stillness to its bitter end. For a moment one Palin said: "And you left her-there!" The dry contempt of his manner stung me; but I could say nothing save mut

"The one ewe lamb of the fold-the last and the best beloved," he said, as if speaking to himself, and then in a sudden fury he sprang to his feet; "but why do we stand prating here? Ther are five of us, and we know where she But Belin put his hand on his shoul

"I have had enough of patience and enough of trusting others," and the Huguenot shook off the hand and looked at me with a seowl, "Come, M. d' Au rine, if you would make amends, lead me to this Toison d'Or and we will see

"I am ready," I answered, But Belin again interfered.

"Messieurs, this is madness - from what I have gathered, d'Auriac will prove but a blind guide back-we are not, moreover, sure that madame i there-sit still here, you Palin-neithe you nor d'Auriae are fit to think. For so beyond Compline, so the street was Gad! It was lucky I thought of this for full; and unwilling to attract the atten- our meeting place to-night, Palin-sit still and let me think." "I can think well enough," I cut in

"and I have my plan; but I should down, determined to inquire the way of like to ask a question or two before I

> "And these questions are?" "I presume I am suspected of this ab-"And of more. Nom de Dien! Man our more was found dead, and beside her one of the marshal's guards, run

through the heart," answered de Belln. "Then of course if I am seen I am in "A miracle only could save you. The king is enraged beyond measure, and wears he will let the edict go in its full orce against you. The camarguer has made a fine story of it, saying how he tried to stop the abduction, but failed

"In short, then, it would ruin all chances if we adopt Maitre Palin's sug

"You are saving me the trouble o thinking." "Again," I went on, "it is not certain f madame is still at the Toison d'Or and apart from that I doubt if I could find my way back there to-night, unless anyone could guide me," and I looked

at the Pantins, who shook their heads orrowfully. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Short Flights. The man who works for his father n-law is sure of a steady job. Even the invention of the flying ma

chine won't enable us to visit our eastle in the air. The poor shot won't hft much, even vith a double-barrel gun. The man who keeps his mouth shut never gets a black eye.

Many of us would work for posterity t we could get our pay in savance. The danger of making a false step lepends entirely on whether you are a the top or the bottom of the stairs. When your poor relatives begin to gather at your bedside it isn't necessary to ask the doctor if he thinks you

are going to die .- N. Y. World.

Not True Love. Daughter-I will have to break my en ragement with Mr. Nicefeller, mother, Mother-When did you make that dis-

Daughter-Last evening. I saw him out walking with another woman, and I did not want to murder her at all .- N

Every Dog Has His Day. Black-I'm leading a dog's life. White-Never mind, old man: you day is coming .- Up to Dete.

It Is Cited as a Warning Against Parental Heedlessness.

Dr. Talmage Ludges a Protest Against the Sacrifice of the Worldly Ambitton

In lds sermon to-day Dr. Talmage lodges a protest against the parental redlessness and worldly ambition which are threatening the sacrifice of many American children; text, Judges tiene "My father, if thou has opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me acording to that which bath proceeded ut of thy mouth." Jephthah was a freebooter. Early

rued out from a home where be ought

o have been eared for, he consorted

with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man e eo out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man cording to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and a predatory life he became reckless and precipilate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become comander-in-chief of all the forces. He night have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back," but he did not say that. He takes comnand of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and, getting no favorable esponse, marshals his thoons for battle. Before going out to war Jephthah takes a very solemn yow that if the Lord will give him the victory then, on his return home, whatsoever first omes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of dangers, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the burling of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground ould no more drink the blood and the orses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their words were broken and then each one ould throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was

been dashed out. Jephthah wins the day. Twenty ities lay captured at his feet. Sound he victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up he survivors. Homeward to your wices and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have he applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out dags all over Mizpab. Open all your loors to receive the captured treasures, Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the inaders are routed and the national hon-

or is vindicated. Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had nade a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first me out of the doorway of his home that should be sacrificed as a barnt offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb. what brace of doves, will be thrown pon the fires of the burnt offering! Oh horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child. ushes out the doorway to throw herself der, "Patience, Maitre Palin - pa n her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were younds on his breast or dents on His shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the fair brow and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable artection, with choked utterance he says: Would to God I lay stark on the bloods plain! My daughter, my only child,

joy of my home, life of my life, thou are the sacrifice!" The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining hollowhearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a rose leaf trem bles in the sough of the south wind; tear like a raindrop shaken from the anther of a water lily. But with a selfsacrifice that man may not reach and mly woman's heart can compass sho surrenders herself to fire and to death She cries out in the words of my text My father, if thou hast opened thy outh unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpah twisted for Jephthah the warrior have gone into the dust, but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah or Abigail or Miriam, but no one in all the ages shall have the title of this daughter of sacri-

Of course this offering was not pleasng to the Lord, especially as a prorision was made in the law for such a contingency, and Jephthah might have redeemed his daughter by the payment of 30 sheekles of silver. But before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's eruelty remember that in olden times. when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never have made it. Next, having made it, It were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say: "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If in former days you had been standing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have thrown your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more Gospel light. Now I make very practical use of

this question when I tell you that the type of the physical, mental and spirital sacrifice of 10,000 children in this ly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as kuife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the

stupendous sacrifice. of the system of education in our day a child's temper. There comes in the Alex Smith,

spend six or seven hours in school and | is tested whether the parents shall rule then must spend two or three hours in or the child shall rule. That is the preparation for school the next day, erucial hour. If the child triumphs in will you tell me how much time they that hour, then he will some day make will have for sunshine and fresh air you crouch. It is a horrible sceneand the obtaining of that exuberance | Lave witnessed it a mother come to old which is necessary for the duties of lage, shivering with terror in the pres coming life? No one can feel more cuce of a son who cursed her gray hairs

thankful than I do for the advancement, and mocked her wrinkled face and be printing of books appropriate for with her tootaless gums! schools the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated schoolrooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction s making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust, Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the ionors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interests of the city we are struck through with an economy that is well-nigh the death of us,

In connection with this I mention

what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies; children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appall a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate for the simple reason, they say: "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility, so that connected with many such literary establishments thereought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push and crowd and cram and stuff and jam until the child's intellect is bewildered and the memory is ruined and the health is gone. There are children who once were full of remping and laughter and had cheeks crimson with health who are now turned out in the afternoon pale faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old me tumbled mass of corpses from mannish boy or an old womanish girl. which the last trace of manhood had Girls ten years of age studying algebra! Boys 12 years of age racking their brain over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue erying over their Latin, French and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you won-

der what is the matter of them. I will tell you what is the matter of them. They are finishing their education! In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad gether. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was always brought in as a prodicy. At 18 years of age he was an idiot. He fived ten years an idiot and died on idiot. not knowing his right hand from his left or day from night. The parents and

the teachers made him an idiot. You may flutter your pride by forcing our child to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with po exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but, when you are old or dead, alas for them if through the wrong system of education which you adopted they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves! Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black maa's rights, and Chinaman's rights, and Indian's rights, and woman's rights. Would to God that somebody would rise to plead for chiliren's rights! The Carthagians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no ooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would to God there were only one Jephthah's daughter!

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong system of discipline-too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants. There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the street with their thumbs in their vest talking about their father as "the old "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in Who prays for them? Who utters to youth, in childhood, never learned to them one kind word? When the city respect authority. Eli, having heard missionary, passing along the park in that his sons had died in their wicked- New York, saw a ragged lad and heard ness, fell over backward and broke his him swearing, he said to him: "My neck and died. Well he might! What son, stop swearing! You ought to go to is life to a father whose sons are de- the house of God to-day. You ought to bauched? The dust of the valley is be good. You ought to be a Christian. pleasant to his taste, and the driving The lad looked in his face and said: rains that drip through the roof of the "Ah! It is easy for you to talk, well sepulcher are sweeter than the wines of clothed as you are and well fed. But

father's government and the mother's Who goes forth to snatch them up from government. The father will be tempt- crime and death and wee? Who to-day sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a cd to loo great rigor. The mother will will go forth and being them into be tempted to too great leniency. Her schools and churches? No; heap them tenderness will overcome her. Her voice up, great piles of rags and wretchednes day. There are parents all unwitting- is a little softer; her hand seems better and filth. Put underneath them the fitted to pull out a thorn and soothe a fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put pang. Children wanting anything from on more fagots, and, while we sit in the mother cry for it. They hope to the churches with folded arms and indissolve her with tears. But the mother | difference, crime and disease and deate must not interfere, must not coax off. will go on with the agonizing sacrifice. must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of do not run risks in your affections,-

of common school education. The grudged her the crust she munched

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child But, on the other hand, too great igor must be avoided. It is a sad thing

when domestic government become

cold military despotism. Trappers or

the prairie fight fire with fire, but you

had temper with your own bad temper

We must not be too minute in our in spection. We cannot expect our children be perfect. We must not see every thing. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us secause of our premature goodness. You annot scold or pound your children in to nobility of character. The bloom of child's heart can never be seen under cold drizzle. Above all, fretting and and scolding in the household. Bettet than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper! That miniser of the gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to canon zation. The arithmetics cannot calcu late how many thousands of childre have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great lenency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed In this important matter, seek Divig direction, O father, O mother!

Someone asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons and all of them so good. "No," she said: "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grate-

Again, there are many who are sarifleing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well what was the secret by which sh prepared them for usefulness and for he Christian life, and she said: "This was the secret: When in the morning washed my children, I prayed tha they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food. I prayed that they might be fed with manna from Heaven. When started them on the road to school, i prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." you say, "that was very old-fashioned!" It was quite old-fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture

is that ever turned out bad? In our day most boys start out with io idea higher than the all encompa ing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece and the Ten Comdren are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vulgar fractions. It seems to be their chief attainment that ten cents make a dime and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equaled by the other art-how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments! The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy

many of the youth of this country ar Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50 cent stories of adventurou love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Night ingale in heavenly ministries or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste their beauty a curse, their eternity a In the siege of Charleston, during our civil war, a lieutenant of the army

stood on the floor beside the daughte of the ex-governor of the state of South Carolina. They were taking the vow of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain, among the wounded to death the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds the bride de nanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure, and when the minister said: "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage alters there ar daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage. It is a nassacre. Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies so h can get the property; then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and, having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifie. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyr-

I lift up my voice against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children unwashed, uncombed, unwe chaps hain't got no chance." Who There must be harmony between the lifts them to the altar for baptism:

Love of trees and plants is safe; you

TRAIN REHEARSAL. It Was Held So That Queen Victoria's

S. E. S. Lancing V. P. S. C. Connection and Conference of the Conf

"He Who Pursues Two

Hares Catches Neither."

Said a well known young

man about town, "I tried

for years to burn the candle

at both ends, in the pursuit

of pleasure while trying to

attend to business. My blood,

stomach and kidneys got into

a wretched state and it

seemed that I could not carry

Hood's Sarsaparilla

only cathactic to take with Hood's Sarranarille

WAS HE BLUFFING?

The Very Disagrecable Revelation of

a Man Who Was in No

Hurry.

And Mr. T- anxiously wonders wheth

JOHN'S GOOD IDEA.

He Thought Angel Food Should

Have the Right Kind of

Brand on It.

A woman whose husband was physician for the California state prison recently had in her kitchen one of the convicts from the prison, a Chinaman, serving a short sentence for theft, but whose subsequent good behavior had made for him many friends among the coverament officials. John was

since his confinement had thought much on the subject.

The doctor was very proud of John's

chief culinary success. Great was the con-sternation and surprise of the hostess and the amusement of the guests when John bobbed into the room carrying a huge, snowy, uncut augel cake, bearing across the top in huge red letters the word "Heav-

Sentiment and Fact.

She-Do you remember how you used to put your arm around my waist, when we were engaged, ten years ago? You never

he was lying or not.-Cieveland Plair

the burden any longer.

Journey Might Be Perfect.

The queen's journey to the Riviera as rehearsed so that all arrangement for a speedy and convenient trip could he settled beforehand, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The royal train numbered eight carriages, and included her majesty's saloon. The train left Windsor at 11 o'clock in the morning, the hour fixed for her majesty's departure, and proceeded over the Great Western rallway to Addison road, thence via Swanley junction on the London, Chatham & Dover line, and subsequently by annot successfully fight your child's he Southeastern railway, past Ash ford to Folkstone, where it arrived at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, that be-

But now my rheumatism has gone, my courage has returned, and all on account of that marvel, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has made me a picture of health. Now I'm in for business pure ing the time proposed for the queen's Boulogne.

On arrival at Folkestone the train was shunted at the junction, and proceeded through the harbor station direct on to the new pier, where her majesty embarked. The special platforms were fitted from the train across the pier to the steamer, and the gangways from the quay to the steamer were also tried and fitted. The Calais-Douves left Folkestone about two o'clock in charge of the pier of the pier to the calais-Douves left Folkestone about two o'clock in charge of the pier to the pier to the calais-Douves left Folkestone about two o'clock in charge of the pier to the pier to the pier to the pier to the calais-Douves left Folkestone about two o'clock in charge of the pier to the pier embarkation in the Calais-Douvres for Capt. Dixon, and made a splendid passage acress to Houlogne, covering the 27 miles in an hour and 25 minutes. At Boulogne the landing arrangements were rehearsed at Folkestone, and the steamer subsequently recrossed the channel to Dover. The rehearsal was considered in every way a success. DUCKS OR STOCKS?

An Investment That Pays Better Than Dabbitng in Stocks on Tips.

A circular sent out by a firm of tipsters mays: "It is now over three years since we lirst addressed you about our stock operations. During that time had you invested to and inquired for Mr. B—, who occupies 1000 at the beginning and compounds."

long ago as Mr. I — was bustle engaged at his desk in a down town office a man walked in and inequired for Mr. B — who occupies a desk at the opposite suite of the same office. Mr. T — thought he recognized the man as an unwelcome caller. When asked if Mr. T — thought he recognized the man as an unwelcome caller. When asked if Mr. I — was in without raking his eyes from the work before him, Mr. T — answered. The answer is, yes—ducks, tame, public, muscovy. Pekin, or any other breed. A little girl had 15 cents with which she bought a sitting of duck eggs. She borrowed a brooding chicken hen from her mother, and all the eggs were hatched out. Her profits for the first six months were 88 and she kept three hens and a drake for the next six months operations. It is fair topresume that her profits will be at least 88 for each six months; one year \$16; three years, \$48. Divide \$48 by her 15 cents and the quotient will be 320 cents; on \$100 cents the profit will be \$2,000 cents, or \$320; on \$100 capital the profit would be \$32,000, against the \$4,775. Verily a good investment is in duck eggs.

And Mr. T — anxiously wonders wheth-

Swallowed his Faire Teeth. A man recently swallowed his false teeth | Dealer A man recently swallowed his false teeth and it drove him mad. Stomachs will stand a great deal, but not everything. If yours is weak try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver troubles, as well as malaria and fever and ague. It is particularly effective in all nervous affections, and is strongly recommended at this season of the year when the system is run-down and most susceptible to disease. All druggists keep it.

Bargain Bunting.

It is impossible for all us men to be the gallant prince who is the devoted slave to behavior had made for him many friends among the government officials. John was a good cook and more than cleanly, so the doctor's wife hailed him with delight and mourned greatly when the days were bus mourned greatly when the days were bus

day in the vain endeavor to make the \$2.25 her husband kindly "gave" her clothe a and John was not allowed beyond the prist family of six and make them look as neat on wails. John, when in the world, had and comfortable as the children next door.

-L. A. W. Bulletin. Suggestions for Spring Cleaning. Much of the labor of house cleaning may be avoided by the exercise of good judgment and management. Pleasant weather must be selected for the work, usually the first of May is the heat time to begin. Every thing should be in readiness beforehand. Brooms, brushes, tacks and strings should be provided. The windows and paints can be perfectly cleaned by washing with warm water and Iyory Soan; the free use of lime cooking and one day invited a few friends in for dinner. John was in his element and prepared an claborate meal. Among the many delicacies for dessett ordered by the doctor's wife was an angel cake. John's

ELIZA R. PARKER. In Ring Parlance. Miss Fox-Papa, why does a young man give his finncee a diamond ring? Mr. Fox-Oh, that's the forfest he puts

The Best Prescription for Chills.

He-No; my arm has not grown any longer.-Indianapolis Journal, and Fever is a bottle of Geove's Taszelless Chill Toxic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price.58c. She—"Arthur, father has failed." He—
"The old sinner.' And only list night he told me to take you and be happy."—Town
Topics.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails tocure. 25c.

A man gets just what he kicks for at a boarding house. In many homes, a man is less fortunate.—Atchison Globe. After it is too late a man thinks of a lot of bright things he might have said.—Chicago Daily News. The century plant is a case of age before beauty.—Golden Days.

belief in her advice at once inspires

NE reason Mrs. Pinkham's treatment helps women so promptly is that they have confidence in her. Through some of the many thousands of Mrs. Pink-

ham's friends an ailing woman will be led to write to Mrs. Pinkham at her home in Lynn, Mass., and will tell her symptoms. The reply, made without charge of **GONFIDENCE** of knowledge of the trouble that any kind, will bear such evidence

This of itself is a great help. Then the knowledge that women only see the letters asking for advice and women only assist Mrs. Pinkham in replying makes it easy to be explicit about the little things that define the disease.

MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, of 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I egan the use of your remedies. My trouble was ulceration of



the womb. I suffered something terrible, could not sleep nights and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief. To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have not a pain. I used four bottles Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sana-

thank you enough for the good it did me. MRS. M. STODDARD, Box 268, Springfield, Minn.,

tive Wash and cannot

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-FOI about four years I was a great sufferer from female troubles. I had backache all of the time, no appetite, pains in stomach, fainting spells, was weak and my system was completely run down. I also had falling of womb so bad that I could scarcely walk across the floor. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound and one box of Lozengers, can say I am cured."

> "WHERE DIRT CATHERS, WASTE RULES." USE

SAPOLIO